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Warm Wasting Night

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WARM WASTING NIGHT

By Greg Emilio

Olive oil, balsamic vin, bread & red wine:
the rind of a day burnt to its wick;
wax suffocating the flame.

The air is static & sweat creeps
across my brow the way grass
rises between porch-cracks.

A day wasted: closing eyes to
Spring to sleep off dreams of bars
couched in slurs & smoke-light.

Awakening to sheets stained with the moist
voices of dead friends.

Now crickets & frogs hash it out.

The day has died, but I live through
its death, shirtless in the dark.

The stars's milky lucence drips
into the oil, the moon jeweled
in vinegar, crusts of baguette
like icebergs. ☺